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Title: Litany of the Damned

Author: a spirit  
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The Litany of the  
Damned  
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I walk the path of death,  
the drowning singularity  
of abyssal infinity. I let  
its dissolution consume  
me; its immaterial limbs  
embrace me. I know its  
face, for it has none, I  
know its form, for it is  
mine, I know its  
existence, for it is  
eternal. With its purpose  
do I act, it is my  
heathen wail, my only  
prayer, my exalted  
identity.

I remain empyrean as its  
avatar, and feared as its  
contagion, my nimble hands  
unweave the threads of  
mortality, and sew the  
vestments of casualty. It  
is with my eyes do the  
elderly see, it is by my  
hands that nation's fall,  
it is through my ethereal  
do I serve as the  
ultimate question, it is  
through my corporeal do I  
serve as the ultimate  
answer.

Though light may oppose  
me, and life may deject  
me, I remain obstinate to  
their petition. When the  
luminance of day  
culminates, I am its

destiny, its final resting  
place, when the vehemence  
of life reaches its end; I  
am its killer, the  
extinction of totality.